

Æ S O P

A T

TUNBRIDGE.

O R,

A few Select FABLES

I N

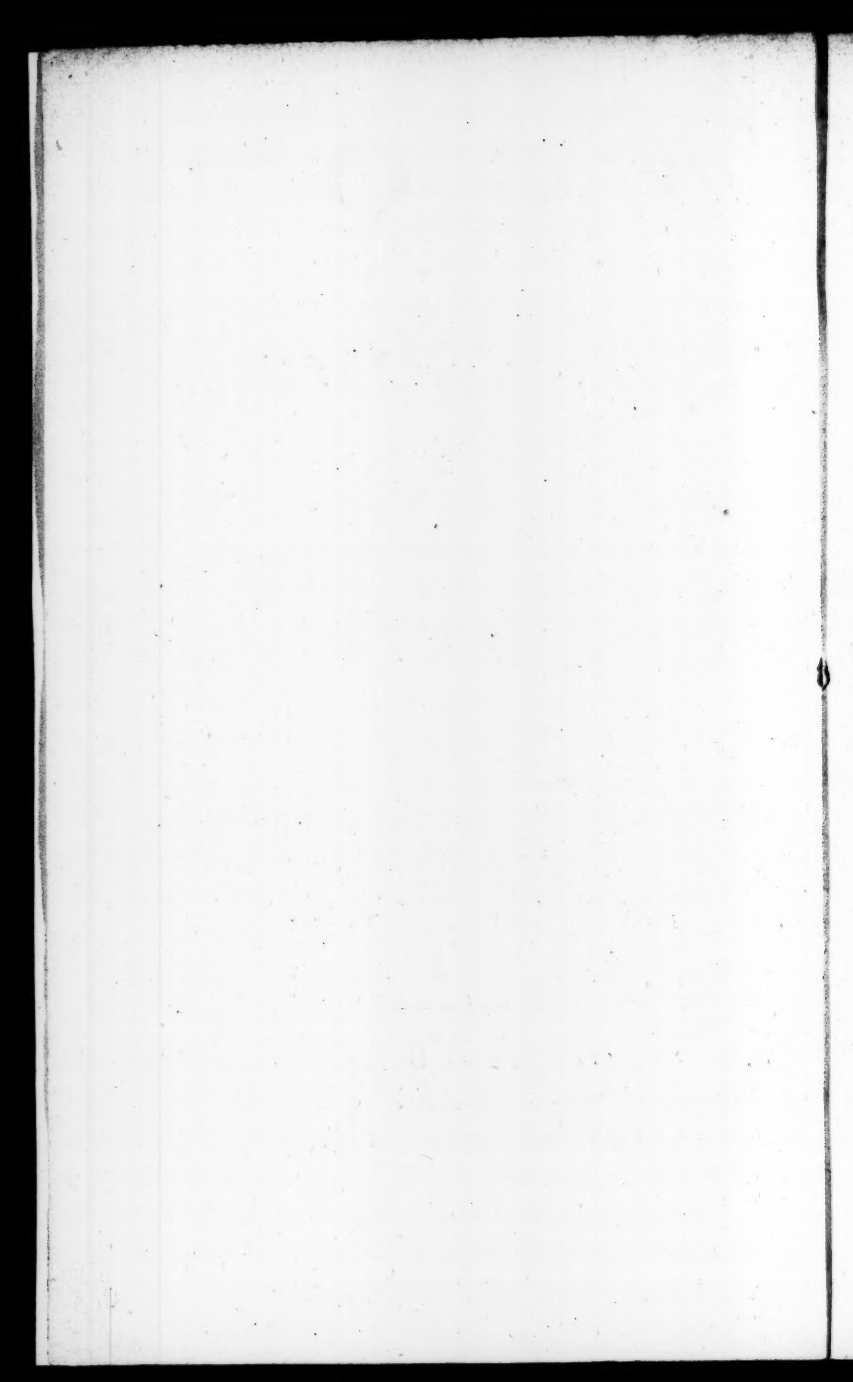
V E R S E.

B Y

No Person of Quality.

L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be Sold by *E. Whitlock,*
near *Stationers-hall.* 1698.



TO THE
READER.

RIding, of late, to take a little
Air, and crossing by some
chance the Tunbridg Road,
it was my fortune to find a parcel of
Papers, which were doubtless dropt
by some unwary Passenger, who had
made more Haste than good Speed;
and taking them up, I found they were
the following Fables: which, I ima-
gine, some young Gentleman of Wit
and Leisure, had diverted himself in
composing, whilst he was obliged to
drink the Waters. The Entertainment

TO the READER.

they gave me and my Friends, made me think of making them publick; and considering the Nature of them, and that they were very fairly written, it is not at all unlikely that the Author had designed them for the Press himself. There are but two little Reasons to the contrary, which may be also soon answered; First, That they are too small to make a Book: the Second, That some of the Fables are too bold, and might expose the Author to some Danger or Displeasure. As to the first Objection, Whoever would be sure of pleasing must not be tedious; it happens but to a few great Books to be read through; and many good Authors have defeated their own purpose of instructing the World, by frightening the Reader with three or four hundred
Pages:

TO the READER.

Pages: But besides, the Nature of such a Work as this, requires that the Reader be never cloy'd, but always kept in good Humour and good Appetite, which a long Work would hardly do; and ten or a dozen Morals are enough to amuse the Mind, and keep it exercised a good while. But, after all, it may be there were many Fables more intended to follow these; and then I have nothing to say but that these were all I found, and thought they were too many to be lost to the Publick.

To the other Objection, the Author having nothing to fear, has nothing to answer; for they are publish'd, if not without his Will, yet without his Knowledge. But should it be granted that one or two Fables are a little too bold and angry, yet since there is
some

TO the READER.

some Foundation for such sort of Mutterings and Complaints, from whence can our Rulers learn these Truths more inoffensively, than from such little Stories? They will not, perhaps, attend so easily to wise and good Men, as they will to Foxes and Asses; and wise and good Men will not, it may be, dare to tell those Truths these Beasts deliver, which yet our Governours should know.

I will not altogether excuse the Exaggeration of Matters in the twelfth Fable; for tho' our Bargain be dear enough, yet I can't tell what we should have done without it; and Things, I hope, will mend upon our hands, in good time.

ÆSOP

(7)

Æ S O P A T TUNBRIDGE.

F A B. I.

Fair Warning.

IN *Æsop's* new-made World of Wit,
Where Beasts could talk, and read, and write,
And say and do as he saw fit ;
A certain Fellow thought himself abus'd,
And represented by an *Ass* ;
And *Æsop* to the Judge accus'd
That he defamed was.
Friend, quoth the Judge, how do you know
Whether you are defam'd or no ?
How can you prove that he must mean
You, rather than another Man ?

Sir,

Sir, quoth the Man, it needs must be,
 All Circumstances so agree,
 And all the Neighbours say 'tis Me.
 That's somewhat, quoth the Judge, indeed,
 But let this Matter pass;
 Since 'twas not *Æsop*, 'tis agreed,
 But *Application* made the *Ass*.

F A B. II.

The Cock and Pearl.

A Dunghil Cock was raking in the Ground
 And flirted up a *Pearl*;
 I would, quoth he, thou hadst been found
 By some great *Lord* or *Earl*.
 My self a single Barly-corn
 Would, surely, rather find:
 We Creatures that are dull, Earth-born,
 Things only *useful* mind.

Whilst

Whilst they who are divinely Wise,
 And do from *Jove* proceed,
 Thy lovely orient *Lustre* prize,
 And for thy *Beauty* trade.

F A B. III.

Of the *Horse* and *Ass*.

A *Horse* and *Ass* were journeying on their way;
 The *Horse* was only harness'd, light, and gay;
 The *Ass* was heavy loaden, and lagg'd behind,
 And thus, at length, bespake his Friend.

Companion, take some pity on my State;
 And ease me but of half my Weight.
 Half will to you no burthen be,
 And yet a mighty help to me.

The *Horse* laugh'd loud, and shook his Head,
 And wantonly curvetting said;

Seignior, we *Horses* never choose

The Burthens that we can refuse;

B

And

And should such Jest upon me pass,
 Methinks I should be but an *Ass*.
 The *Ass* quite spent, and vex't to be deny'd,
 Sunk down beneath his Weight, and dy'd.
 The Master coming up, took off the Sack,
 And threw it on the *Horse's* Back :
 And having flaid his *Ass*, he threw
 The filthy Hide upon him too.
 At which the *Horse*, thus sadly humbled, cry'd ;
 (Letting some Tears for Grief and Anger fall)
 Whether 'twere Cruelty, or Pride,
 That I so fair Request deny'd,
 I am justly serv'd, and made to carry *all*.

*The Asses of the South and East
 Desire the Horses of the North and West,
 That, as to Parliament they trot,
 This Fable may not be forgot.*

F A B. IV.

Of the Judgment of the Ape.

A *Wolf* complain'd that he had lost a *Lamb*,
 And strait impleads a *Fox* of no good Fame,
 (Who had a *Lamb*) that he had stoln the
 same.

An *Ape* was to decide the Cause,

Having some Knowledg in the Laws.

No Council was by either feed,
 Each would his Cause, in person, plead ;
 And so they did, with mighty heat ;
 The Judg himself did almost sweat,
 To hear the Force of their Debate,
 How they accuse, and how defend,
 How they reply'd, joyn'd and rejoin'd.

At length in pity to the Court,
 The Judg was fain to cut them short ;
 And thus determin'd—Sirs, in troth,
 The *Lamb* belongs to neither of you both.

You, Mr. *Wolf*, have, doubtless, lost no *Lamb* ;
 And, *Renard*, you as surely stole that same ;
 But not from him. If Justice might prevail,
 You should be both condemn'd to Fine and Jail.

*So two great Lords for an Estate may fight,
 Which does to neither appertain, by Right.*

F A B. V.

Of the *Horse* and *Man*.

A Fierce wild *Boar*, of monstrous size and force,
 Did once, in early days, affront a *Horse* ;
 Who meditating Vengeance, found his Will
 To hurt, much greater than his Power and Skill ;
 And therefore, chaf'd and resolute, he ran
 To the next House, and thus apply'd to *Man*.
 I come, Superior Power, whom *Jove* hath made
 His Substitute on Earth, to seek thy Aid
 Against a sordid Brute, who injures me,
 And likewise speaks contemptibly of Thee.

Jove,

Jove, whom thou nam'st (said *Man*) was to thee kind,
And sent thee where thou shalt Assistance find.

But this injurious *Boar* will never meet

Our Arms upon the Plain, but trusts his Feet.

But shall his Feet then his Protection be,

Since Swiftneſs is the Gift of *Jove* to thee?

(Mark it, my Friend, this Insolence

Deprives us of our common Senſe).

This doubtleſs he forgot; ſo will not we.

You, for Convenience, will a while ſubmit

To be directed with a Bridle and Bit;

And take me on your Back, till we ſhall ſee

This your outrageous Enemy.

Up, ſaid the Horſe then, let us never reſt,

Till we have found this curſed Beaſt.

Away then to the Woods they flew,

The Horſe his Haunts and Coverts knew,

And there his Foe, the dextrous Warriour flew.

Thi

This done, they jocund homewards make,

And thus the Horse the Man bespake.

Now, Sir, accept my Thanks for what is past,

I to my wonted Fields, and Friends must hast.

Hold, quoth the Man, we part not quite so
soon ;

Your Business is, but *Mine* is not yet done.

Some Service there remains, due to the Aid

I lent you, which must be repaid.

This said, he light, and ty'd him to a Rack ;

Where the poor Creature, thus with Sorrow spake.

Slight was the Injury of the Boar,

And might, perhaps, have been no more :

But now I'm utterly undone,

My Ease and Liberty are gone.

Sweet is Revengè, just in the Taste,

But surely Bitterness at last.

Let other Creatures warning take,

What Bargains they in Passion make.

Let

*Let Nations also take good care,
That they with many Hardships bear,
Rather than seek Redress abroad;
Which is but adding to their Load.*

F A B. VI.

The Bargain.

TWO *Welchmen* Partners in a *Cow*,
Resolv'd to sell her dear;

And laid their Heads together, how
To do't at *Ludlow Fair*.

It was a sultry Summers Day,
When out they drove the Beast;

And having got about half way,
They sat them down to rest.

The Cow, a Creature of no Breeding,
(The place with Grass being stor'd)

Fed by; and whilst she was a feeding,

Let fall a mighty T—.

Roger,

Roger, quoth *Hugh*, I tell thee what,
 Two Words and I have done ;
 If thou wilt fairly eat up *that*,
 The Cow is all thy own.

'Tis done, quoth *Roger*, 'tis agreed,
 And to 't he went apace ;
 He seem'd so eager set, 'tis said,
 That he forgot his Grace.

He labour'd with his wooden Spoon,
 And up he slopt the Stuff ;
 Till, by the time that half was done,
 He felt he had enough.

He felt : but scorning to look back,
 Would look as if he wanted more ;
 And seem'd to make a fresh Attack,
 With as much Vigour as before.

But

But stopping short a while, he cry'd,

How fares it, Neighbour *Hugh*?

I hope, by this, you're satisfied,

Who's Master of the Cow.

Ay, ay, quoth *Hugh* (the Devil choak thee,

For nothing else can do't,)

I'm satisfi'd that thou hast broke me,

Unless thou wilt give out.

Give out? quoth *Roger*, that were fine;

Why, what have I been doing?

But yet I tell thee, Friend of mine,

I shall not seek thy Ruine.

My Heart now turns against such Gains;

I know th' art piteous poor.

Eat thou the half that still remains,

And 'tis as 'twas before.

God's Blessing on thy Heart, quoth *Hugh*,

That Proffer none can gainsay ;

With that, he readily fell to,

And eat his share o'th' *Tanſie*.

Well now, quoth *Hodge*, w' are ev'n, no doubt,

And neither ſide much Winner.

So had we been, quoth *Hugh*, without

This damn'd confounded Dinner.

Let this, both to our Wars and Peace

Be honeſtly apply'd ;

France and th' Allies have done no leſs,

Than what theſe Welch-men did.

F A B. VII.

The Frogs Concern.

TWO fierce young Bulls within the Marſhes
ſtrove

For the Reward of Empire, and of Love ;

Which ſhould the faireſt Heifer gain,

And which ſhould govern all the Plain.

This,

This, when a Frog hard by perceiv'd,

He sigh'd, and sob'd, and sorely griev'd,
He hung his Head, and made great moan,

As tho he had lost his Wife or Son.

At which a neighbouring Frog admir'd,

And kindly of the Cause enquir'd ;
Which when he knew, he said in haste,
And *Gossip*, is this all at last ?

If this and that great Loggerhead Bull

Will try the Thickness of each others Scull,

E'en let them do, as fit they see :

But what is that to You and Me ?

If that, replied the other, were all indeed,

We should about this Matter be agreed.

I should not care a single Groat,

To see 'em tear each others Throat ;

But, Friend, the Creatures of such Might,

Can never meet in Field to fight,

But in the Fury of their full Career,
 Both you and I endanger'd are ;
 And all our kindred Tribes below,
 In hazard of their Lives must go.
 When *Balls* rush on, or when retreat for Breath,
 They'l tread a hundred of us *little Folks* to death.

If Kings would fight themselves alone,
Their People still secure,
No mortal Man would part 'em sure,
But let them e'en fight on.
But when the Subjects Blood is spilt,
And their Estates are drain'd,
To justify a Prince's Guilt,
Or have his Vanity maintain'd ;
When they must pay for all at last,
Their Lust, Ambition, or Revenge lay waste ;
The poorest Man alive may fear,
And pray against the Miseries of War.

F A B. VIII.
Of a *Dan* and his *Ass*.

A Wretched *Churl* was travelling with his *Ass*,
Beneath two Panniers Load oppress'd ;
And hearing noise behind, cry'd to the Beast,
Fly, my Friend *Roger*, fly apace ;
Else I'm undone, and all my Market's naught ;
And thou thy self wilt by the Rogues be caught.
Caught ? quoth the Beast, what if I be ?
What will it signify to me ?
My Panniers are so full, they'll hold no more ;
I carry *two* and cannot carry *four*.
'Twixt Rogues and You, I can no difference make,
They are all Rogues to me, who break my Back.

*Fly, fly from France, our Statesmen cry,
And Slavery's cursed Yoke ;
Whilst with our Antient Liberty,
Our very Backs are broke.*

*France is a Thief ; but France can do no more,
Than keep the Panniers on we had before.*

F A B.

F A B. IX.

Of a ~~Wolf~~.

A *Wolf* retiring from *Whitehal*,
Where he had Statesman been,
Built for himself a Box so small,
That few could be receiv'd within.
The Country all admir'd at this,
And could not at the Reason guess,
Why one so Wealthy and so Great,
Should cage himself at such a rate.
Till at the last a *Fox* came by,
A Courtier also, sleek and sly,
And thus in earnest and in jest,
His Reason gave among the rest,
Perhaps my Lord Commissioner intends,
Here to receive only *his honest Friends*.

F A B.

F A B. X.

The Plaintiff and Defendant.

TWO Travellers an Oyſter found,
Dropt from ſome Pannier down ;
Each ſtoopt, and took it from the Ground,
And claim'd it as his own.

Since both can't have it all, ſaid one,
E'en let it parted be.
No, ſays the other, all or none,
But all belongs to me.

One Serjeant *Law*, by chance came by,
And he muſt end the Strife :
Which thing he did immediatly,
With his deciding Knife.

He took the Fiſh, and cut it up,
(This Cauſe he opened well)
And fairly did the Oyſter ſup,
And gave to each a Shell.

And

And if hereafter Causes rise,

Where People can't agree,

I know, quoth he, you'll be so wise

To refer them still to me.

My Name is *Law*, my Chambers are

At some of *the Inns of Court*,

Or *Serjeant's Inn*, or *Westminster*,

Where all for help resort.

Sir, quo' the Men, trust us for that,

We shall not fail to tell,

'Twas *Law* that did the *Oyster* eat,

And left to Us the *Shell*.

F A B. XI.

Of the Pigeons.

THE *Hawks* were once at mortal Jars,

Which came at length to Civil Wars.

The *Pigeons* they stood looking on,

And, full of Pity, made great moan; To

To see how bloodily they fought,
 And each the others Ruin fought.
 And never would these Creatures cease,
 Till they had mediated a Peace.
 The *Hawks* did easily consent,
 So Peace was made, and home they went,
 Where when they came and wanted Prey,
 And how to pass their time away ;
 They fairly made one general Swoop,
 And eat their Mediators up.

Two lucky *Pigeons* were not there,
 And so escap'd the Massacre.
 Of which the One to th'Other said,
 How came our Kindred all so mad ?
 Parting of *Hawks* ! *Hawks* ever shou'd
 Be gorg'd with one anothers Blood.
 The Wicked have a natural Rage,
 (A thirst of Violence to assuage)

D

Which

Which if not on the *Wicked* spent,
Will fall upon the *Innocent*.

*So the poor Hugonots of France,
And Vaudois full as poor,
Pray'd loudly, in their Innocence,
That God would Peace restore.*

*Peace was restor'd ; but Peace to them
No Safety did restore ;*

*Their Hawks employ'd their Power and Time
Much worse than ere before.*

*And thou, O Church of England Dove,
Doat not upon thy Peace ;*

*That may, than War, more fatal prove,
Both to thy Wealth and Ease.*

F A B. XII.

The *Farmer* and the *Hare*.

A *Hare* did once into a Garden get
 Belonging to a Farm;
 Where she began to throw up Earth, and eat,
 And do some little Harm.

The *Farmer* cours'd her round and round,
 But got her not away;
Puss took a liking to the Ground,
 And there resolv'd to stay.

Well, quoth the Fellow, in a Fret,
 Since you are grown so bold,
 I shall some more Assistance get,
 And drive you from your Hold.

And strait he sends to a young *Squire*,
 That he, by break of day
 Would with his Pack of Hounds repair,
 And sport himself that way.

The Squire, as ask'd, attended came,
 With Folks, and Horse, and Hounds,
 And in pursuance of the Game,
 Rode over all the Grounds.

They leapt the Ditches, broke the Hedges down,
 And made most fearful Wast ;
 They tramp'd all the Garden round,
 And kill'd poor *Puss* at last.

At this the *Farmer* tore his Hair,
 And swore most bloodily,
 Zounds ! What confounded work is here ?
 And what a Fool am I ?

Not fifty *Hares*, in fifty Days,
 Had so much mischief done,
 As this good *Squire* (whom I must praise
 And thank) hath wrought in *One*.

*If our Deliverance from the Frights
 Of standing Army near,
 And silly superstitious Rites,
 Worth Forty Millions were ;
 Then have we wisely broke our Mounds,
 That our Defences were,
 Wisely call'd in our Neighbours Hounds,
 And kill'd the desperate Hare.
 But if, with all this vast Expence,
 Besides a Sea of Blood
 Spilt in the Church and States Defence,
 Our Matters stand much as they stood :
 Then have we done a World of ill,
 With endless Cost and Pains,
 A little hurtful Hare to kill ;
 And well deserve the Brains.*

F A B. XIII.
Poetry its Cure.

I.
A Youth of pregnant Parts and Wit,
And thirsty after Fame,
Was musing long which way to get
An everlasting Name.

2.
And having heard of *Poetry*,
And its immortal Praise ;
He thought the way to *Fame* must ly
By courting of the *Bayes*.

3.
He heard how many a noble Town
Laid Claim to *Homer's* Birth,
To purchase from it a Renown,
Above the rest of th' Earth.

4. This

4.

This kindl'd in his generous Mind

A strong and noble Fire :

He seem'd for nothing else design'd,

Could nothing else desire.

5.

The *Father* finding this intent

Ill with his state agreed,

That, living, wanted *Six per Cent.*

Much more than *Fame*, when dead :

6.

Resolv'd to try to cure his Mind,

And change his vain Designs,

And could no fitter Method find,

Than sending him these Lines :

Seven wealthy Towns contend for HOMER Dead,

Through which the Living HOMER beg'd his Bread.

F I N I S.